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TEACHERS' COLUMN.

J. G. CLINKSCALES, EDITOR.

Any young man with pluck and brains can get an education. If he *wills* he can.

Who did not read a thing that was suggestive and strengthening during vacation? Why? Tell the truth now. Didn't you think that it just wasn't worth while, that you knew enough already?

Miss Nora Hubbard has promised to favor the readers of the Teachers' Column with other articles touching her recent visit to Monteagle. We are quite sure that Miss Nora's letters were highly enjoyed, not only by the teachers but by all the readers of this column. We do earnestly hope that others of our teachers may be induced to go to Monteagle next summer.

This is trying weather on teachers. Just here let us remind the teachers that it is trying weather on pupils. Iron clad rules about getting water just so many times during the daily sessions, and others akin to this, sometimes work serious damage to the permanent prosperity and successful operation of a school. What a relief it is to meet a teacher who is blessed with an abundance of hard, common sense—men and women who know what children are, and know how to handle them!

Will our teachers please be prompt about returning the books they take from the Library? Let us be prompt as possible, and keep the machinery moving along just right. We are highly gratified to know that so many are using the books so profitably. We assured the State Teachers' Association that a number of the Anderson County teachers would soon become active members of that Association. The reading teachers in any community or section of the State invariably take the lead.

At the Inter-County Institute held at Greenville, Mr. Landon Smith, of Seneca, read a very interesting article on the use of newspapers in the school-room. We have not room here for even a synopsis of the paper, but could wish that every teacher in Anderson County could have heard it. There can be no question as to the very great advantage to be derived from this valuable aid to teachers. Papers, of course, must be used discreetly. There are many things published in many of the newspapers of our day that would be better not seen by our boys and girls. While this is true, there are many things in them worthy of the closest study.

You enjoyed your vacation. Are you a stronger man or woman to-day than you were when you left your school room in June or July? How have you put in the time? Have you given the whole time to visiting and chatting with friends. These things are very nice, and quite profitable when indulged in with moderation; but that teacher who neither reads nor thinks during vacation grows weaker instead of stronger, and need not be suprised to find his pupils become listless, and his patrons getting tired of him. We must fill up. Let that be done regularly every summer. That teacher who does not study, who does not care for the progress of the age, who cares nothing for educational journals, teachers' institutes and other sustaining and developing influences might just as well write over the door of his school-room, "It is finished," and drag himself off to seclusion, for the uncompromising steps of progress will reward him to it sooner or later. Men may butt against advance movements, but they do it at their own risk.

PRAISE AND BLAME AS SCHOOL FORCES.

Everybody likes praise, but all do not like the same kind. In dispensing it discrimination is needed. Teachers soon discover this fact. Let us take a single example.

James is a boy of nervous temperament, quick, excitable, affectionate but impulsive; easily angered, but soon recovering himself, and ready to make an apology. His better impulses are not very permanent. He is easily influenced to do things not exactly wrong, but near the border line of evil. He is not malicious, but often does things that appear such. His teacher has succeeded in strengthening two elements in his character, knowledge of right and wrong, and a determination to follow the right. His character is improving, but a few days since he committed a wrong act. A minute after it was done, he was sincerely sorry, but he hadn't moral strength enough to say to his teacher. Now was a critical time in his life. A mistake in treatment would undo much of what had been done. But the teacher was wise, and so he let the matter pass for a whole day without remark; then in a quiet tone of voice, he said *to him alone*, when no one suspected he was talking about the matter: "I am sorry, James, you did that thing yesterday." This was all; but the tone of the teacher's voice, his evident sincerity, and earnestness, sent an arrow to his heart. It wasn't what he said, but how he said it, that touched James. This was the blame, but what kind of blame? Let us see. The next morning the teacher received a note from James, which read thus: "I did wrong, I am sorry. Let me say so." At the close of the forenoon session the teacher said, "James has something he wants to say." He was equal to the occasion. In a firm, quiet, self-possessed tone of voice and manner, he rose in his seat and said, "I did a wrong thing day before yesterday, for which I deserve punishment, and I am ready to receive it; but I am sorry for what I did, and am ready to take whatever I deserve." It was a manly speech, no covering up, no cringing. The teacher said, "You have been punished, and now you have done the manly and right thing. The whole school forgives you." This was the praise. James was a better boy after this, for his will had received a strengthening force, and his moral character a tonic.

This incident is better than a volume of statement. Perhaps there is not another boy in the world exactly like James. So there must be discrimination and wisdom in administering praise and blame. Study the child. The lymphatic girl needs one kind of treatment, the nervous, highly strung boy entirely another. *Study the child!* Praise and blame are mighty forces; wisely used they tell for immense good, unwisely used they tell for untold evil.—*Teachers' Institute.*

The Prospering South.

The indications for a season of great activity in the trade and manufacturing interests of the South are exceedingly favorable. Rarely, if ever before, has the prospect been so promising. The corn and cotton crops of 1887 were the largest ever produced in the South, and, as good prices were realized, the farmers found themselves at the beginning of 1888 in a much better financial condition than for many years. Blessed as the farmers of the South were last year with abundant crops, present indications point to a season of still greater agricultural prosperity. The yield of fruit and vegetables has been unprecedentedly heavy, and the shipments North have taxed the carrying capacity of the railroads. The yield of wheat in most of the Southern States, especially in those in which it is a leading crop, such as Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, &c., has been phenomenally large, and the aggregate yield for the South will doubtless be the greatest on record. Moreover, the shortage in the Western wheat crop has enhanced values, and Southern farmers are obtaining much better prices than a year ago. The acreage of corn and cotton is unusually heavy, greater even than in 1887, when the largest crops ever raised in the South were produced, and so far in the season the indications point to larger yields also than last year. The corn crop is almost made and this year the Southern farmers will have less Western corn to buy than for many years. In fact, the South will almost be self supporting in the corn line. While the cotton crop has many dangers yet to meet, its condition up to the present is almost all that could be asked, and it is only reasonable to look for a good crop, with a strong probability of a yield equalling even the splendid outturn of 1887. The cotton manufacturing interests of the entire world are in such flourishing condition that the heavy crop of 1887 has been absorbed at good prices and stocks are smaller than even a year ago. Under these circumstances it is but fair to look for a continued active demand at profitable prices for all the cotton which the South will produce this year, even if we should again have a 7,000,000-bale crop.

The prosperous condition of the agricultural interests is, however, only one of the features of the brilliant promise of the South. Two years ago millions of dollars were invested in the building of new furnaces, founderies, rolling mills and kindred enterprises. Many of these great enterprises have been under construction, yielding no profits, but virtually locking up all the money thus invested. Now they are all getting into operation, and before 1888 ends there will be such an enormous production of manufactures in the South as would have seemed impossible five years ago. From mines and furnaces, rolling mills and founderies, car works and pipe works, cotton mills, wood-working establishments and industrial enterprises of almost every variety, millions of dollars' worth of manufactured goods are being turned out to help swell the tide of Southern prosperity. All of this is creating a vast amount of profitable employment for laborers, and the South is rapidly becoming a hive of industry. Heretofore thousands and tens of thousands were idle for a greater part of the year, because there was no work to do; employment could not be had. Now there is work for all in many parts of the South, and the industrial development now in progress is rapidly hastening the day when no man need be idle because of the lack of work. The combination of great agricultural prosperity—great at least as compared with any other year since the war—and vast manufacturing and railroad interests, bringing wealth to the laborer and the capitalist alike, is rapidly making the whole South rich. And unless all signs fail, or some widespread disaster overtake the cotton crop during the coming month, we may look for a season of such business activity as the South has never known before.—*Manufacturers' Record.*

Executions by Electricity.

NEW YORK, August 12—Sheriff Grant, of this county, is a rich man, but even if he were poor he declares nothing would induce him to stand for re-election. The office is reckoned as worth about $40,000 a year to its holder, but Grant asserts that he wouldn't have it after the 1st of next January at five times that profit. His reason for the positive view is that the noose for murderers is to be displayed by electricity.

"There is no doubt about it that death by electric shock is easier than breakage of the neck, and far more so than strangulation," the sheriff explained: "and the change will be humane, beyond question. But I wouldn't for the earth have my name go down the ages as a synonym for capital punishment. The executioner at the time hanging was adopted in England was Jack Ketch, and that's the hangman's title yet. Dr. Guillotin instituted decapitation in France, and hence the guillotine. The Spanish machine for breaking murderers' spinal colums is called the garrote, from Jarroti, the inventor. Now, just as likely as not, the first sheriff under whom a culprit is electrified to death will be compelled to contribute his name to the new method. I will not take the risk.—*New Orleans Times Democrat.*

— San Francisco declares that she has been shaken 417 times by earthquakes in the last eighty years.

A DAY AT THE FRONT.

What Plunkett Saw When He Visited the Trenches.

The following sketch, taken from the Atlanta *Constitution*, will be recognized as a true picture by the old soldiers of Lee's army during the seiges of Richmond and Petersburg:

"The first time I seed a camp of soldiers," said old man Plunkett, as he loosened the top button of his pants and threw the half rind of a watermelon into a pigin that sat near, "I didn't think it was so bad to be a soldier.

"They had good tents with floors in 'em and er plenty to kiver with, and they had formed into 'messes' of six or eight men to a tent, and most ingenerally had er nigger to do the cooking, and the soldiers lay erround and talked and played cards and read books and sich like and only had to drill er little every day and they looked fine and walked proud, for there was always more than apt to be ladies er looking at em, and big boxes came from home every day or two with boiled ham and turkey and chicken and cakes and pies, and dinged if I didn't fare better while I was on my visit than I did one day with another at home, and I begin to think that it was all foolish for the old mothers and the wives to be er grieving, for I thought to myself, if I could call back twenty years and was clear of the rheumatics thar wouldn't be no better fun for me."

The old man stopped talking, loosened another button of his pants, remarking: "I bleve I eat to much of that melon," and then proceeded.

"The next time I seed that regiment it was different and if any one had er told me that fourteen months would er brought such a change I wouldn't er believed it.

"On my first visit I had seed white tents er looming up erlong in straight rows long before I got to the camp, and big log heap fires were burning and I could smell the cooking, the men were well dressed and fat and joking and kicking up their heels and prancing erround like young fillies and some were wrestling and some er hollering, and over at another place there was singing going on and when they seed me they come er running and picked me up and made loud demonstrations, but this time, my second visit, it was different, and it was so different till it has impressed me from that day to this.

"They were at the 'front' now—they were in the trenches, and as I passed over the hill I saw down in the valley another camp of these same soldiers. I stopped for breath.

"Little smouldering fires were burning here and there seeming to struggle against the misty rain that was falling.

"Dingy brown blankets and oilcloths were stretched over a bended bush under which two men were expected to shelter, by laying close. 'These had taken the place of the large white tents that met my vision on my first visit.' Many had only bushes between them and the clouds above.

"There was an absence of the smell of cooking meats, but as I followed my guide on through the dismal camp I could see the solitary camp kettle by the smouldering fire, and the feet of two men coming out to the edge of the stretched blanket with a seeming desire to bask by the little fire."

"I've seed 'em," interrupted Brown, "when they had to lay with their feet in the branch to keep the green rawhides that they wore for shoes from drawing up and getting as hard as er bone."

"Well," returned Plunkett, without taking notice of Brown's remarks, "I went on to the old Ninth's camp, or where was said to be their camp I found a few wagons and a few sick men—all strangers to me—and was told that the regiment was over the hill in the trenches, but that they would be relieved as soon as it got dark—as they had been in there twenty-four hours. One of the drivers got up and give me a chunk of wood that he had been setting on and I drawed it over under one edge of a wagon and poked my feet out to the small fire that had been burning.

"I didn't have to wait long, for pretty soon it was so dark that you couldn't see a gray mule ten feet off, and directly I heard the rumbling of walking men coming down through the woods that lay out toward the trenches. Everything was quiet, nothing but the tread and now and then a stumble over a chunk of some tired soldier could be heard, but in a minute, without any command being given that I could hear, little fires began to dot the woods all over, and I wondered how it was done with the wet wood.

"The men had their blankets rolled up into a tight roll not much bigger than your arm and tied together at the end till they were in the shape of a horse collar as they hung over their shoulders. This was all they had, except a haversack, cartridge box, frying pan and gun. The little brown blankets were soon being stretched—two men to a blanket, this giving them one to kiver with—and then there was a scramble for a minute or two to draw their rations. The beef was cut up by one of the men and placed in as many piles as there were men, and then a fellow would turn his back with a list of names and another fellow stood by the piles of beef with a stick in his hand and, touching a pile, he would ask who shall have this, and the fellow with his back turned would call out a name, skipping all about on the list. This kept down partiality and made all satisfied.

"I heard familiar names being called, and I stepped among the men from out of the darkness, and if an angel had er drapped down it would not have caused more surprise.

"Everything stopped, the men gathered erround me—there warn't more than thirty of 'em—and some cried and some jist stood still and couldn't say er word, for the memories of their homes back in Georgia rushed in upon 'em and they were too full for utterance.

"I had letters for many of 'em, and I never shall forget how eagerly they gathered 'em and went off to a little fire and got down on one knee sorter sideways and read 'em, and I never will forget how sad the ones looked that I didn't have nothing for—it makes me think of them fellows every time I go to these reunions that they are having and see the wives and old mothers and sisters and children of the fellows that are not here to reunite—they look lonely like—God bless 'em, I hope that there will be a great reunion some day, where there won't be none absent and all will be at home.

"I was the hero of that occasion, and as first one and then another would ask me erbout their homes and loved ones and I began telling in general way, I was soon surrounded by eager listeners, and now and then first one and then another would turn his head to one side and wipe his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket; but they wouldn't leave me, as tired as they were, till the rattle of guns in direction of trenches scared me so bad that I hushed, and then the men went to cooking the rations they had, for there was no telling when they would have to double quick back to the trenches.

"The cooking wasn't mor'n done till, sure enough, the whole camp was broke up and everybody had to go into the trenches. The report was that the yankees were going to attack and there was so much bustle and confusion in the darkness, that I didn't know what else to do but to go along with the crowd and so, pretty soon, I was in a trench and in sight of the first yankee line of battle that I had ever seed.

"It was erbout twelve o'clock when we got into the trenches and still dark and er raining and the mud was ankle deep and here and there a puddle of water. In er minit I heard a splashing up the line erbout fifteen or twenty feet that sounded like a hog er floundering in a mud hole and I heard a soldier say, 'I wish I was a dog,' and then the fellows laughed, but I can't see to this day how one soldier could laugh at another, when they were all in such a bad fix.

"I was longing for daylight to come, for it was chilly and worse than anything, I thought, that could be, but daylight hadn't more'n come till I was er longing a heap worse for darkness to come ergin. As soon as day broke, a fellow pretty close by me 'lowed that he would freeze to death if he kept crampt up there, and so he kinder straightened himself and peeped over the bank, but he raised most too high and before he could jerk his head down er ball hit him and he drapped over on the fellow next to him and give one or two kicks in the mud and water, and that was the last of him. That started things. Our fellows began to pick at them, and by sun-up I thought to myself I'm er dead man, but I didn't have to be told to keep down—I done it without any telling, and how the soldiers got used to the thing, and set there cramped up in the trench and laughed and joked, with every now and then a fellow getting hit with a ball, is more'n I can understand. So it went on all day. Every now and then the fellows would start to shooting, and the balls would zip erround and I'd lay low, and then things would sorter quiet in the trenches, and the big guns on the hill would commence pecking at each other, and then squealing shells would pass over us and I layed lower still. Things wouldn't mor'n get er little quiet and I'd begin to git up offen the leg I'd been setting on and straighten it out in front to get the cramp outen it and feel in my breeches pocket for a piece of tobacco, till some devilish fellow would put his cap on er ram-rod and poke it up above the banks and before you could say scat a ball would hit it and I'd drap. Thus the day was spent in the trenches and as soon as darkness came ergin I didn't have to have no guide to take me away from there.

"Most any of the old soldiers will squat down on one leg and whittle with a knife and talk to you from sun up to sun down erbout the war, and never git tired, but it will all be erbout the charging of batteries and the clash of sabres, but I can tell you that the fighting was only a part of the war. Hunger and thirst and marching and losing sleep and lying still, cramped up in trenches, would make a man take fighting as a desert."

SARGE.

Watch Your Tongue.

It is your tongue: it belongs to you, and it is the only one for which you are responsible. Your neighbor's tongues may need care also, but that is their business; this is yours. See that it is properly attended to.

Watch your tongue; it needs watching. It "is a fire"—watch it. It is a helm which guides the vessel; let the helmsman keep wide awake. It can bless or it can curse; it can poison or heal; it can pierce hearts and bright hopes; it can sow discord and separate chief friends.

Watch your tongue. No one but you can take of that tongue. You are its only ruler. Your neighbors may hate it or fear it, or wish they could bridle it: but they cannot do it. You have the power—watch that tongue.

That tongue has already got you into trouble; it may do it again; it is "set on fire of hell." It burns up peace, blessing, reputation, hope. It causes sad days, weary nights, tearful eyes and heavy hearts. "If a man will love life and see good days let him refrain his tongue from evil, and his lips to speak no guile."

Watch that tongue. It is the glory of man. It distinguishes him from the brutes. It was brought with blood by the Son of God. He claims it as his. It should speak his praises: misemployed, it may degrade yourself and those around you. You are charged to attend it.

Watch that tongue. The Lord watches that tongue. "There is not a word in my tongue, but, lo, O Lord, thou knowest it altogether." For every idle word we must give account in the day of judgment. What will be the record of that tongue then? Watch that tongue.

— A promise is a just debt, which should always be paid, for honor and honesty are its security.

AGRICULTURAL EDUCATION.

Speech Delivered by Col. B. W. Edwards at Florence, S. C., on August 2, 1888.

Less than a century ago our fathers established the South Carolina College, from which have graduated statesmen and orators, jurists and authors, philosophers and Divines whose names are the pride of South Carolina and will not perish for many generations. And how the South Carolina University, after its long and brilliant career, is stronger and better than it ever has been before, and it and the denominational colleges, the Charleston College and all the high schools of the State are throwing down seeds of light which are making luminous the surface of the whole body politics. Like the fires in the Northwestern States a few years ago, which burned up fields and woods, houses and barns, and set on fire the very ground and burned the earth, leaping over brooks and drinking up the water of the lakes, so the quickened desire for education has swept over our body politic and laid hold of the very ground sills of humanity, and is burning what men once called the rubbish of society and discovering amongst it many sparkling jewels. But with all praise to our present learned State superintendent of education and his predecessors, it must be admitted that our common schools are defective and partially inefficient. We need better teachers and better teaching and more time, and must avail ourselves of every means of intensyfiing the work.

Hence, without discussing the peculiar merits of the form of what is known as the Blair bill, I am in favor of the measure contemplated in it, and despite the boast of its author, that in five years by its help he will rehabilitate the Republican party in the Southern States, if he will give us the money and the use of it in educating the people, we will make Democrats of the very material of which he proposes to build the Republican party. For the inevitable effect of intellectual and moral training is to make Democrats of all men. Democracy is inherent in human nature, and when there is no more rubbish and ignorance and corruption upon which the Radical party was first builded in the South the foundations will be gone forever.

But I am to speak of agricultural education. And it is hardly necessary for me to say that I favor the acceptance of the Clemson bequest. And I favor it, first, because the fundamental law of the State requires it. In our State there is a constitutional provision which differentiates it from the other States. For, by the very section of our State Constitution, which provides for the maintenance of the University, the Legislature is expressly required to establish an agricultural college and to apply the land scrip fund and any other lands that might afterwards be given for educational purposes to its support. And the Hatch bill provides for the appropriation of $15,000 to each of the States out of funds arising from the sale of public lands for the benefits of such agricultural college as may have been established in the States, with other provisions. Here, then, we have the constitutional requirements to establish an Agricultural College, and to apply the land scrip fund to its support, and the Hatch fund also belongs to it by law.

I advocate an agricultural college because it is needed in South Carolina. If we train the boys for the pursuit which they are to follow by teaching them more of the laws of their own profession, we shall make them stronger and better able to take care of themselves and add to the material wealth of the State. We shall make them more valuable as citizens by attaching them to the soil in contentment with their profession, and, instead of leaving the farm to seek some place in the shade or become dumb factors in the body politic, we shall inspire them with that fondness for their work and that pride in their calling which comes from a practical application of knowledge and intellectual development. And the more they know of the dignity of their calling the more will they be proud of the avocation. An agricultural college will become the centre of influence that will permeate the whole State, and develop a sentiment in the interest of farming which no other institution can do.

We must therefore take the Clemson bequest and make an institution which will reach out in its fructifying influences, and touch every foot of our soil. There is such a thing as passively consenting to its acceptance, and there is such a thing as actively advocating it. South Carolina may accept it and freeze it to death, or she may take it and warm it up by her generous support to a grand colossal benefaction to our whole people. We must accept it in this latter spirit. There are those who say if the people want an agricultural colege they are entitled to it, and hence they are willing they should have it. Another stands at the threshold and says if you will let the other institutions alone and if you will be right well behaved about it, you can have it; but it is concealed as with a threat. Another says if the people will say what they want, and will agree on any measure of college or anything else, I will give it my hearty support. I take it, fellow citizens, that it is the duty of men in public positions, who essay to be leaders of the people, to show them what they want, and to inspire them with the courage to ask for it, and formulate it for them. It is not the part of statesmanship to stand by and say to the people if you want anything help yourselves. It is your express duty to help them to whatever will benefit them, and with them the body politic.

It has hitherto been said that we cannot bear the expense of an agricultural college. The State appropriates $12,000 to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, more than $90,000 to the Lunatic Asylum, $14,000 to the military department, gave $1,000 to the Inter State Agricultural Encampment, $2,500 to the State Agricultural and Mechanical Fair Company, appropriated $20,000 for the Military Academy, besides a small amount for repairs and insurance, added $5,000 to the one half of the land scrip fund to the Claflin College, appropriated $34,500 besides the tuition fees, which will make it $40,000, to the University, besides the one half of the land scrip fund and the whole of the Hatch fund and about $2,500 for insurance and repairs, aggregating more than $60,000, appropriated $5,100 to the Winthrop Training School, and expends a half million dollars annually on her public schools, and appropriated $50,000 for the indigent soldiers. She has given her thousands to the Columbia Canal, and after expending more than $200,000 for repairs on the State House, the governor recommended, in his last annual message, an appropriation of $100,000 more to complete repairs, which were first commenced with a view to roofing it and putting it in a state of protection from weather and fire. And yet, when we ask them for $50,000 for our agricultural college, to put a roof over the heads of our farmers—for it is education that gives covering and food and wealth and comfort—they can't afford to appropriate that sum.

The amount of $50,000 might perhaps be saved by judicious retrenchment and well-directed expenditures. But if an agricultural college should cost us $500-000 in five years, it will more than pay for itself in increased production, enhanced values and stimulated energies; and would actually lessen the rate of taxation rather than increase it. The stimulus to all other industries would increase the wealth of the people. But shall we span every measure of State policy by the standard of money values? Who can measure the blessings of widening, and deepening, and diversifying the intellectual and moral culture of our people? It is that upon which our Republican institutions stand. It is that upon which our prosperity and happiness depend; and, in my judgment, there is no line of education that will so well develop the strength and manhood, the virtue and good order of our people, as practical agricultural education. We must remember that the poor boy who goes to the plough, looking down to the ground, has sentiment, and imagination, and ideality, as well as others, which ought to be drawn out to see the beauty and granduer of all about him. He ought to be taught not only to lift up his head and behold the glory of heavens, but also to know the weeds and plants, the birds and the flowers, the trees and the animals, and to analyze the rich earth from which we all draw our sustenance. He, too, ought to be able to stand up and boast of his profession and rejoice in his manhood. And when I see them looking into the deep darkness beneath them, and can hear and almost feel the throbbings of their longings for something better than they possess, and when I see poor little girls, (for it is this new system of teachnological and industrial training which has intensified the plea for female education,) with bare feet and brown shoulders gathering sheaves, or harvesting the cotton, or driving the horses around the gin, or milking the cows, or serving in the domestic affairs of the household, and know that these have all the delicacy of sentiment and refinement of feeling and longing for knowledge that belong to their sex, I yearn to take hold of them all and place them upon a level with the best men and women of the land.

I confess to a practical and genuine sympathy with the farmer class, but I would not legislate to the prejudice of capital or other industries. I utterly condemn trusts and monopolies that press out the life blood of the weak to hoard up surplus wealth, but capital fairly used and the varied industries that enlarge the aggregate wealth and comfort of the people must have fair play in the administration of public affairs. But elevating and stimulating this foundation industry will stimulate every industry in the State and develop her varied and wonderful resources. When I run across the Piedmont, now becoming rich with factories and capital, and see the golden grain and her food resources, and pass on to the fruit belt and then to the melon belt and then to the cotton belt whitening with untold wealth, the staple of all industries and commerce; and then to the rice fields, producing supplies of the best rice found in the market; and then amongst the mineral resources of the State in which there is iron and gold, I find the best granite on the continent and phosphate mines of unfathomed riches, and see her forest abounding in latent wealth, and her soil full of all stores of comfort and possibilities of production, and her lowlands and hillsides waiting for the native grasses and the tramps of herds, I wonder at the picture before me. For in the light of industrial intelligence and wise statesmanship that has been transformed into a real existence which was once but the shadow of our sleeping dreams.

But we must rise above the narrow limits of selfishness and sectionalism, and do justly though the heavens fall. For then shall they fall with dews of fatness and showers of blessing. Let the affairs of State be administered in the interest of the people and by the people, and not by sectional prejudice or selfish cliques, whose aim and calling is to defeat the popular will. In all governments of the people, every device which removes its administration farther from them is but usurpation, while all history shows that every concession of the people's rights and submission of the people's interest to the people, enhance the virtuous administration of the government. They cannot desire to do wrong, because it is wronging themselves. While all force is inherent in the people, virtue alone can utilize it. That virtue, I honestly believe, lies deeply in the agricultural and mechanical classes. They constitute the mass of our population. The agricultural class, which is three fourths of our population, is always and necessarily the most conservative element in the State. They are bound to the soil and attached to home and home institutions. Whatever property they own is visible and cannot escape its full share of the burden of government. They ought, therefore, to have their full share in the management of State affairs. And since they constitute the bulk of the great magnetic force of our government, they need, most of all, that intellectual and moral training which will give direction to the inherent force and maintain both public and private virtue.

It is to me the happiest of all my thoughts that in our soil resides all our inchoate wealth and in our hearts all the germs of truth. If they are wisely developed the time is at hand when the farmer's wand shall smite the soil and factory wheels shall turn with a hundred fold productive power, and the streams of commerce will rush to the gates of the old City by the Sea, and Greenville and Charleston shall be heard no more in hot words of controversy, but in the bonds of amity all jealousies shall cease and all justice shall prevail. The Piedmont shall know that the immortal names of Rutledge and Pinckneys are alike our common inheritance; and Charleston shall hold the casket of that brightest of all of Carolina jewels, which once was set on Fort Hill, and henceforth shall be the beacon of those boys that come from all parts of the State, to light upon their hearts the holy fires of an honest ambition and return home to consecrate every foot of her soil to virtue and high manhood. And all her sons shall cherish the memories of the old State and claim them as keepsakes to be kept in the ark for our inspiration, while, they press into the open paths of the new and hearken to the beating pulse of duty and the demand of the times.

ROBBERY BY LAW.

Some Facts for the Consideration of Workingmen.

From the New York Herald.

If a young man buys a suit of clothes for $23 the amount of protection he pays for is $9. The clothes without protection would cost $14.

If he buys a $1 hat he gets 40 cents' worth of hat and 60 cents worth of protection.

If a young couple just beginning housekeeping buy a yard of Brussels carpet for $1 they receive 45 cents in carpet and 55 cents in protection—or say for a whole room, $12 worth of carpet and $18 worth of protection. With free wool $18 would be saved.

If the young woman pays $9 for a shawl she gets $6 worth of shawl only; the other $3 she presents to the manufacturer to "protect" him.

If she buys a dress for $18 she gets $12 worth of dress and $6 worth of protection.

If, however, she wants a pair of shoes, which formerly cost $4 50 to $5.50, she has only to pay $2.50 or $3.50, according to quality, because some of the "protection" has been taken off hides from which the leather in the shoe is made.

If she pays 50 cents for an iron pot or pan she gets 30 cents in goods and 20 cents worth of protection.

If she buys a clock for $3 she receives $2 worth of clock and $1 worth of protection.

If she wants a sewing machine and pays, say, $20 for it, she gets $11 worth of sewing machine and $9 worth of protection

If she pays $16 for a watch, $12 represents the timepiece; the other $4 goes to "protect" somebody.

If she buys a lamp for $1 there is 55 cents in lamp and 45 cents to "keep the pot boiling" for some "protected" individual.

If she has to buy a range or stove for $27 she gets $17 in goods and $8 worth of protection.

If she buys a dozen steel knives and forks for $3,50 she gets about $2 in knives and $1.50 in protection.

If she buys a dozen glass tumblers for $1, she receives in glass 55 cents and 45 cents in tariff.

If a young farmer buys $100 worth of implements to start out in farming, he gets $45 in machines and $45 in tariff wind pudding. With the Mills bill passed he could get a horse and harness, as well as his implements, for his $100.

If a farmer purchases a barrel of salt for $1, he gets 64 cents in salt and pays 36 cents in protection to companies in Syracuse, Warsaw and Saginaw.

Look where you will, follow the whole tariff list now in force down, article by article, and you will find the hand of the public robber reaching for your pocket, to steal from every man, woman and child in the country. Since each must consume something, so each must be robbed.

The essence of high protection, as a recent writer said, is the placing of obstacles in the way of trade. People are expected to build ships, to promote importations, invent machinery to increase and cheapen productions; then the tariff steps in to prevent the one and defeat the other. The inventive genius of the nation is called upon for scientific appliances to annihilate time, distance and other natural obstacles to commerce, and forthwith every protection obstacle that can be devised is brought to bear to prevent the country receiving any benefit whatever from its skill and labor. Nobody can deny that since 1883 especially this has been the policy of Mr. Blaine and Mr. Blaine's ignorant followers, who must be educated. And just now his G. O. P. declares that the maintenance of such a policy will be the salvation of the country.

General Grant urged the purchase of San Domingo, because he saw the advantage of uninterrupted trade with that island. President Garfield wanted Cuba for a similar reason.

Yet three of its greatest men—greatest in courage, intelligence and honesty—Grant, Garfield and Arthur—time and time again called attention to the danger and folly of encouraging progress and prosperity in the mechanical world, and then deliberately, by statute, passing all the benefits over to another nation. They believed, too, in educating the generations up to that line of "protection" which was the greatest good for the greatest number.

President Arthur implored Republicans in Congress to reduce the barbarous tariff taxation and pass a measure to relieve working people engaged in wool, in, iron and other "protected" industries. But the Anglo American "rings" controlling iron and steel, and the Anglo-Franco-American rings controlling the manufacture and importations of fine worsted goods and cassimeres said: "Oh no. If you reduce tariff the poor laborer will fall to the lowest depths of pauperism."

By fraudulent representations and barefaced lying the tariff iniquity of 1883 was made to impoverish the masses so that a few might be enriched. And the frauds and falsifiers who went to Washington and bulldozed Congress when that measure was passed are the same "disinterested gentlemen" who now shout: "For God's sake, don't give the workingman cheap food, cheap rent, cheap clothing and better wages: give him cheap whiskey, something to degrade him and keep him from thinking too much and a 'free chaw' of tobacco.

The highest wages which the 140,978 laborers, skilled and unskilled, got for their work in the iron mills during this year was $1.15 per day on an average, worked out by such clear headed men as Mr. Abram S. Hewitt, now Mayor of New York, and Mr. Swank, of the Iron and Steel Association. Note this is the "average" for those earning the higher pay. The ordinary, unskilled laborer, the rank and file, received no more than 80 to 85 cents a day. Certainly a grand showing for labor in so highly protected an industry! On the one hand prolific millions, on the other hand honest poverty, the red shirted laborer working six full days or six nights—for, bear in mind, those big iron works run day and night, including Sundays—for the munificent sum of $1.15 at most on which to maintain themselves and families. And, of course, they were expected to return thanks for the "benefits of protection" and vote on election day to keep the G. O. P. in power.

The Little Stranger.

As Doctor Byron was one day passing to the house, he was accosted by a very little boy, who asked him if he wanted any sauce, meaning vegetables. The doctor inquired if such a tiny thing was a market man. "No, sir, father is," was the prompt answer. The doctor said, "Bring me in some squashes," and he passed into the house, sending out the change. In a few moments the child returned, bringing back part of the change; the doctor told him he was welcome to it, but the child would not take it back, saying his father would blame him. Such singular manners in a child attracted his attention, and he began to examine the child attentively. He was evidently poor: his little jacket was pieced and patched with almost every kind of cloth, and his trowsers darned with so many colors it was difficult to tell the original fabric, but scrupulously neat and clean withal. The boy very quietly enquired the scrutiny of the doctor while holding him at arm's length and examining his face. At length he said:

"You seem a nice little boy; won't you come and live with me, and be a doctor?"

"Yes, sir," said the child.

"Spoken like a man," said the doctor, patting his head as he dismissed him.

A few weeks passed on, when one day Jim came to say there was a little boy with a bundle down stairs wanting to see the doctor, and would not tell his business to any one else.

"Send him up," was the answer; and in a few moments he recognized the boy of the squashes; he was dressed in a new though coarse suit of clothes, his hair very nicely combed, his shoes brushed up, and a little bundle tied in a homespun handkerchief on his arm. Deliberately taking off his hat, and laying it down with his bundle, he walked up to the doctor saying.

"I have come, sir."

"Come for what, my child?"

"To live with you and be a doctor," said the child, with the utmost *naivete.*

The first impulse of the doctor was to laugh immoderately; but the imperturbable gravity of the little thing rather sobered him as he recalled, too, his former conversation, and he avowed he felt he needed no addition to his family.

"Did your father consent to you coming?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"What did he say?"

"I told him you wanted me to come and live with you and be a doctor; and he said you were a very good man, and I might come as soon as my clothes were ready."

"And your mother, what did she say?"

"She said Dr. Byron would do what he said he would, and God had provided for me." And said he, "I have on a new suit of clothes," surveying himself, "and here is another in the bundle," undoing the kerchief and displaying them, with two little shirts white as snow, and a couple of neat checked aprons, so carefully folded, it was plain none but a mother would have done it. The sensibilities of the doctor were awakened to see the fearless, the undoubting trust with which that poor couple had betowed their child upon him, and such a child! His cogitations were not long; he thought of Moses in the bulrushes abandoned to Providence; and above all he thought of the child that was carried into Egypt—and that divine Savior had said, "Blessed be little children;" and he called for his wife, saying, "Susan, dear, I think we pray in church that God will have mercy upon all young children."

"To be sure we do," said the wondering wife; "and what then?"

"And the Saviour said, 'Whosoever receiveth one such little child in his name, receiveth me,' Take this child in his name, and take care of him."

From this hour the good couple received him to their hearts and home. It did not then occur to them that one of the most eminent physicians and best men of the age stood before them in the person of that child; it did not occur to them that this little creature thus thrown upon their charity, was destined to be their staff and stay in declining age—a protector to their daughter, and more than son to themselves:—all this was then unrevealed; but they cheerfully received the child they believed Providence had committed to their care, and if ever beneficence was rewarded, it was in this instance.—*Parlor Magazine.*

— Not a single congressman smokes cigarettes, but the majority of them incline to cigars.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

— The largest marble quarry in the world is that of the Georgia Marble Company in Pickens County.

— Toronto, Canada, with 150,000 inhabitants, has no Sunday paper, no open saloon, nor street cars on the Sabbath.

— A Chicago man sold a lot within the city limits the other day for $75,000. The lot was originally bought of the same man for $75.

— Counterfeit one dollar silver certificates have made their appearance. They are quite skilfully executed, and are a dangerous counterfeit.

— Edison is now the father of a bouncing baby, and it is said that he is trying to invent an electrical contrivance for making the infantile yell self feeding.

— A woman in Jersey City has been arrested forty-eight times for wearing male attire, and has been discharged each time because there is no law against it.

— Sunday schools are increasing rapidly in this country. Last year the American Sunday School Union organized 1,502, with 6,326 teachers add 54,129 scholars.

— Watermelons for the Christmas dinner are not an impossibillity. It is said that they will keep perfectly if put away in a mow of well cured hay, free from dampness.

— Mr. Sinn, of Royston, Ga., dreamed the other night that he had shot a burglar, and awoke to find that he had shot himself, and was minus a finger by the operation.

— "Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "if there are seven peaches on the table and your little sister eats three and you eat four, what will be left?" "The stones," replied Tommy.

— Man is awfully smart in some things, but nobody has ever discovered one that could jam a hat pin clear through his head and make it come out on the other side, as the women do.

— A colored preacher near Macon, Ga., has committed to memory the entire Bible. A few years ago he was unable to read, and claims that his knowledge has been revealed to him in a vision.

— Farmers within a radius of three miles of Perham, Minn., during fourteen days recently caught and killed 6,000 bushels of grasshoppers, for which the county paid a bounty of $1 a bushel.

— The money that Andrew Carnegie pays out every month in wages to the employees of his vast iron and steel mills would, if converted into silver dollars, amount to 16,000 pounds, or eight tons.

— The Leavenworth *Times* says the corn is so tall in Kansas that strangers on night trains, looking out on the corn fields by moonlight, talk of the dense oak and maple forest they are passing through.

— A peculiar deposit which resembles clay in pliability, but when exposed to the air becomes as hard as granite, has been discovered at the base of Bear Mountain, near Taylorville, N. C. Blocks of it have been dug out and used for all the purposes of stone with success, and it is proposed to build houses of it.

— A contest has lately been carried on in the columns of the New York *World* for the honor of being the youngest grandmother in the country. It has been shown in the letters of contestants that a woman who is a grandmother at the age of thirty-two is not by any means an unusual personage in that country.

— A queer incident took place at A. Lower's house at Griffin, Ga. A colony of black bees had been living peaceably near a tribe of Italian bees for years until a few days ago, when the black bees attempted to rob their yellow neighbors. A fierce fight was the result, in which hundreds of the black robbers were killed.

— A writer in the New York *Sun* sets the total expenses of running a presidential campaign in all the States in this country at $20,000,000. This is a road figure, of course, and it is presumably based on figures furnished by each party organization for its opponents. How else such big figures could have been arrived at only a campaign romancer can guess at.

— Quite a number of prominent Republican manufacturers have recently left that party and joined the Democratic hosts. Mr. A. B. Farquhar, the great agricultural implement manufacturer of Pennsylvania, has declared for Cleveland and Thurman. He is one of the largest employers of labor in that State and says he is for tariff reform, as none but monopolists want protection.

— An old bachelor in Oakland, Cal., being well conditioned, wedded. After a week he and his wife agreed to a divorce. They had not quarreled, but in his single days he had kept bachelor's hall, and still insists upon doing all the housework, because he likes his own way best. As the lady understood that part of the work to be in her contract, she is determined to dissolve a partnership which promises her a life of inactivity.

— A family on South Main street, Waterbury, Conn., who recently lost a daughter by death, had a pet family cat, which came to them when nearly full grown. The cat took the most remarkable fancy to the young lady that died, and was never so happy as when perched upon her shoulder or sitting upon her lap. Each morning when the feline was admitted to the house it instantly started in search of Libbie, and when found would express his joy by various demonstrations. The young lady was taken suddenly ill one night at dark, and was dead before noon the following day. About five minutes after she stopped breathing the cat sprang from the chair in which he was lying, gave one groan and fell back dead.